



VOL. 62, NO. 43 FRIDAY, NOV. 17, 1972 THREE CENTS

by julian sher and arnold bennett

## Dailies stolen

"Persons unknown" descended on *McGill Daily* distribution centres around campus yesterday and stole all the copies they could get their hands on. The four-page issue contained a front-page article and an editorial which contained condemnations of the *Plumber's Pot* for the sexist, racist and slanderous material in the latest issue of the EUS-financed newspaper. It also contained a repudiation of this content by the EUS executive, and apologia by the *Pot* editors and by offending cartoonist Gundars Kajaks.

A petition circulated yesterday by an ad hoc committee of students called for the resignation of the editors of the *Pot* and all those responsible for the offending content. It also called on them to appear before an open forum of McGill students to justify their actions.

Over 400 signatures were collected yesterday in a 4-hour

period. The Students' Society will call an open meeting for Monday at 1 pm in the Union Ballroom.

Wednesday's *Pot* contained, among other items:

- a cartoon associating Union manager Frank Costi with the Mafia and labelling Student Councilors Will Hoffman and Whitney Hardy as "super pimp and his faithful companion super whore".
- a reference in the same cartoon to McGill Student Movement member Ze'ev Ionis as "He'eb Zion".
- an unsigned article which described members of the Gay Society of McGill as "perverts", and expressed surprise that Buildings and Grounds workers—"incompetents"—could "even tie their shoe laces".
- a statement to the effect that the Students' Society is run by "fucking disgusting shithheads".
- a picture of a naked woman in

continued on page 3



daily photo by mark sandford

ECONOMICS PROFESSORS Frankman and Iton and PhD candidate Lunga discuss "foreign aid" with McGill Nigerian students.

by sue tobin

## Pedagogues ponder "Partnership for Progress"

"The world is one—we are all part of one large global community. Thus the health and well-being of the richest nations can only exist side-by-side with the well-being of the poorest."

This, an audience at McGill was told last night, is why highly industrialized western nations provide foreign aid to the Third World.

The speaker, Professor Iton of the McGill Economics Department, was participating in a panel discussion presented by a group of Nigerian students called "Partnership for Progress in the Economy of Developing Countries." Other panel members included Professor Frankman, also of Economics, Professor Otchere of Loyola College, with Mr. Lunga, a McGill PhD. candidate, as moderator.

Iton expanded on his statement: "It is not in the interest of highly developed, wealthy nations to leave the poorer members of the world community in a state of ill (economic) health." He did not recognize the widespread exploitation of poor nations on the part of countries like the US, which leave these nations in a very definite state of ill health.

Explaining that, "the economic development of a poor nation can be gauged by its net capital stock," Iton stated that underdeveloped nations cannot be "partners in progress" as none of them have any significant amount of capital. On the other hand, he said, developed nations can supply this capital and thus "a genuine partnership can be formed in which rich and poor nations 'fully realize their obliga-

tions." But, as a member of the audience pointed out later in the discussion, "we cannot depend on handouts from the 'developed' countries because they only want to underdevelop us further."

Professor Otchere proclaimed that "the philosophical base of the capitalist system is self-interest." Emphasizing the need of underdeveloped nations to industrialize, he said that such progress can only take place if this philosophy is taken to heart by the leaders and the people of the underdeveloped nation itself.

While admitting that some aspects of capitalism, such as exploitation, work only to the detriment of a nation, he stated that the problems of industrialization affect all economic systems. He explained that even in socialist nations industrialization must operate on the basis of self-interest, and thus incur exactly the same problems as capitalist countries. When a member of the audience pointed out that China's emerging industrial system was not afflicted with such problems, Otchere remained unperturbed.

Ootchere placed the blame for the lack of development of African nations on the people of those nations. "Those people believe progress comes in a day—they are not prepared to work for progress. They are lazy." At this, an audience member angrily broke in and stated, "That is slander to Africans. The imperialists always attack the people as being lazy, backward, and unintelligent."

Concluding his talk, Otchere explained that it is best for each African to work independently

towards industrialization, rather than to cooperate with each other. According to him, "The problems that would result from such cooperation far outweigh the benefits to be gained."

by norah mcclintock

## Vallières promotes PQ but praises workers

The constitutional independence of Quebec and an economic system that will give the Quebec people "the means to change their society according to their needs" are inseparable goals towards which the Québécois must work, according to Pierre Vallières. Over 250 people listened as the well-known author of *White Niggers of America* elaborated on this theme at Loyola College yesterday.

The economic and social needs of a colonized people cannot be met unless the economic system which creates that colonization is drastically changed. In order to do this, Vallières called for a "struggle on two levels."

Politically, the short term objective is to recoup for Quebec all the power that now rests in the hands of the federal government, by working within the *Parti Québécois*.

He was careful to point out that independence would not automatically follow a PQ majority in the Quebec legislature. This

would only be a "collective affirmation that we want independence, 'which would come only with a change in the level of peoples' political consciousness.'"

On the social level, Vallières saw the necessity of regrouping and reinforcing existing political groups, such as unions and citizens' committees, in order to generate self-confidence among the Québécois. They must shed their feelings of "inferiority" and take an active part in shaping a society that will respond to their needs, in which Quebec workers will not be "exploited, oppressed, cheap labour."

Citing the case of a *Sogefor* pulp and paper factory in Mont-Laurier as an example of this new self-confidence, Vallières pointed out that the workers not only fought a Quebec government decision to close down the plant, but formed their own collective, took over the factory, and proceeded to run it profitably.

"These men were no longer passive machines, cheap labour,

but men conscious of their place in the system, developing their own region according to their own needs and desires."

Joining the people together in a move for independence under the leadership of the *Parti Québécois*, Vallières felt, would similarly produce "the experience of solidarity, without which a people can never be free, autonomous, or proud."

In answer to a charge from the audience that the PQ is essen-

continued on page 3

### DEMONSTRATION

Demonstrate your solidarity with the Indochinese Revolution. Victory to the NLF!

2 pm, Saturday.  
Assemble at CIL House, corner of University and Dorchester.)  
Speakers in Leacock 132 following the demonstration.



# Street Friends

Anna Dowdall

Coming down from Isabelle's apartment, clutching the teacup of borrowed sugar, Minnie tripped on the steep, gloomy stairs and dropped the cup. The cup broke into several pieces and the sugar spilled out onto the linoleum, like a small snowdrift.

Minnie tried to gather up the sugar, scraping it into one pile with a piece of broken teacup. She thought she might be able to sneak into the kitchen, get another cup, and sneak upstairs again, without letting her mother know. Her mother would take the flyswatter to her if she found out. She had been mad all day.

Minnie peered at the sugar closely. Minnie's grade one teacher, Mademoiselle Lebrun, had always said Minnie needed glasses. Perhaps the sugar looked a little grey. There was fluff in it—and several greasy hairs. Someone must have cleaned a hairbrush on the stairs, she guessed the landlord, because he did it all the time. It would never pass unnoticed by her mother. Minnie decided she would forget about getting a cup and sweep the sugar into the skirt of her dress, and face the trouble. As she squatted down, she saw that she had cut a finger slightly on the broken porcelain. The blood had made a tiny round stain near the hem of her dress. This was too much. She began to cry, squatting over the little sugar mountain.

Minnie heard someone on the stairs, coming up, and swallowed her sobs. She was quiet, guessing who it might be, hoping it wouldn't be her mother. She kept her eyes on the landing.

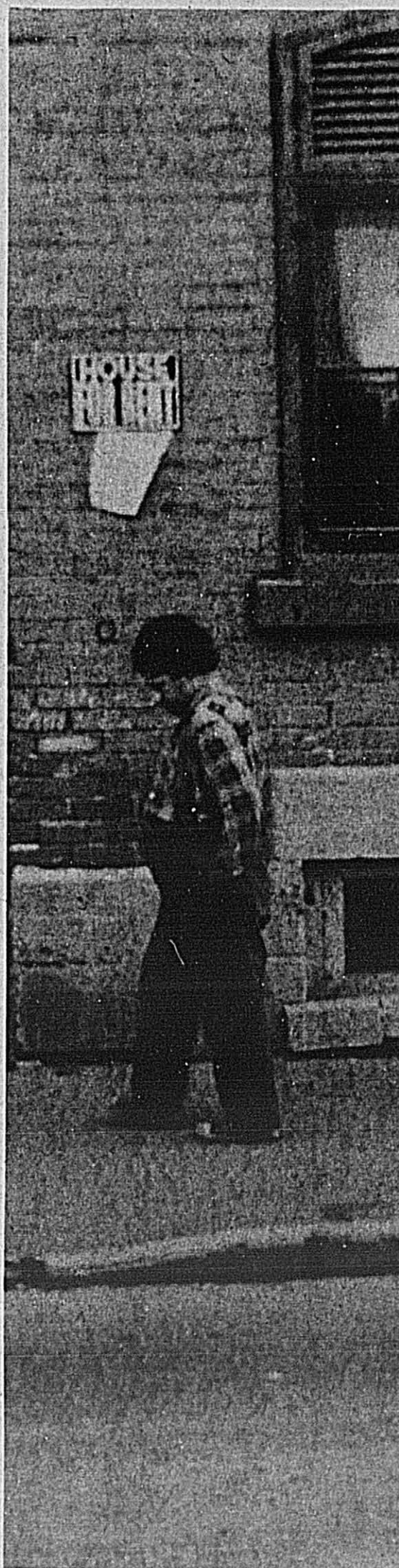
Around the bend in the staircase came a strange girl. Minnie knew she was strange because she knew all the people in the building and she didn't know this girl. But not only for that. This girl wore a long shiny green coat and her black rainboots glistened with water. She carried a dripping umbrella with a graceful gold handle, and a leather briefcase. Her hair was long and fair, and it seemed to glow all on its own and made a lovely halo for her face. This girl was very beautiful with a clear white face and eyes that were soft and blue and merry. She was really almost a grown-up lady. Minnie saw all this as she crouched, waiting, on the stairs.

The girl saw her and smiled a beautiful smile and then her face took on a look of infinite concern. With an expression which Minnie thought was at least as holy and gentle as the face of the Virgin Mary's statue at school, she said:

"Here, let me help you. Don't cry. It's only spilled sugar."

Only spilled sugar, thought Minnie, incredulous. For breakfast, there was no sugar for the cornflakes or her mother's coffee and there would have been none until next week when the cheque came through, except that there was Isabelle to borrow it from. But her mother hated asking Isabelle, whose husband had a job and who therefore felt that she was God's gift to the world. That was what her mother said.

"I guess my mother will be mad," whispered Minnie.



"Don't worry. I'll explain," said the beautiful girl, the words conveying oceans of reassurance and comfort.

Minnie did not know what the lovely girl would explain, but she felt it would have to turn out all right.

"Where do you live?" asked the girl, taking Minnie's hand in her gentle one. Minnie was surprised at the size of the hand. Her mother's hands were twice as big, and red, with thick, criss-crossed skin on the fingertips. "Hard work!" her mother would say, holding up her hands with the wedding ring that she couldn't take off, and making the words sound like a triumph and a threat.

"Number six," said Minnie breathlessly. They went down the stairs and turned into the hallway with its creaking floor. The door of number six was locked, and the lovely girl rang the doorbell.

"What's your name?" she asked, bending over Minnie, "Mine's Laura."

"Minnie Waldron," whispered Minnie.

"Is that you, it's about time," her mother's voice sounded from the other side of the door. The door opened, and Minnie saw her mother: an old house-dress, the apron with the wet stain across the stomach, the frizzy permanent wave, and especially the huge, red hands that seemed to stand out and wave about like railway signals beside the tracks, when the train went through.

"Mrs Waldron, Minnie spilled the sugar on the stairs, by accident, and she was crying. You don't mind, do you?"

Minnie's mother gave Minnie a very tired I'll-get-you-later look and turned once more to the stranger.

"My name is Laura Hollman," began Laura, "and myself and some other students are passing out leaflets"—she produced a folder from her leather briefcase—"to the people of this neighbourhood." The words came very easily, and Minnie thought they sounded like a familiar, recited prayer.

"I don't want to buy anything," her mother said quickly and bluntly. "My cheque hasn't come yet."

"Cheque...?" The lovely girl blinked. "Oh, no no," she said. "I'm not selling anything. I'd just like you to have a look at this four-point proposal that we have listed here" (she pointed to some lines on a paper) "to bring pressure to bear on the federal, provincial and municipal governments, at all levels"—she was off and running smoothly again—"to do something about the living conditions in this area. We think that you have been pushed around for too long, and if the neighbourhood as a whole gets together..."

Her mother's attention was straying back to a pot that was hissing on the gas range.

"Well let me see," she said and took a leaflet. "I'll read it and see."

"We're having a meeting of concerned citizens at the Perrin Street School gym on Saturday morning at ten o'clock," said the beautiful girl, smiling once again. Minnie recognized her school. "And it would be fine if you and your husband could make it."

"Maybe, all right, maybe," her mother said. Min-





photo by lenny wexler

nie wished sadly that her mother wasn't so gruff. She was just like a man.

"Well, goodbye then, Mrs Waldron, goodbye Minnie," said Laura. "Thanks very much."

The door closed and the beautiful girl was gone, with only Minnie and her mother in the small apartment.

"I'm sorry I spilled it, honest Ma", blurted out Minnie, steeling herself for a slap of some sort.

But her mother was reading the leaflet and seemed not to have heard. Eventually, she looked up. She was looking through Minnie in that odd way she had now, ever since Minnie's father had gone away. He had not gone to jail, he had gone away, her mother always said, putting such a look on her face when she said "jail" and "away" that Minnie didn't dream of contradicting her. Even though inside her head, she would shout "jail, jail, jail!" over and over again, because she didn't want to forget. It would have been wrong to forget.

"Butterfingers. How many times... Go get the broom and sweep it up." Minnie couldn't believe that that was all.

"I'm sorry, Ma", she said again. Then, relief making her unusually communicative, she asked: "What's the paper say, Ma?"

"Rubbish," her mother said shortly. She strode over to the garbage pail, tore up the leaflet, and cropped the pieces of paper into it. "Now go on up, and SWEEP!"

Back on the stairs again, Minnie looked around wondering whether if she stood in exactly the same place as before, and thought exactly the same thoughts, would the beautiful girl once again appear. But she had now forgotten her thoughts, all she could do was feel angry at her mother for the way she had done that with the leaflet. She swept up the sugar and pieces of broken teacup and carried it all downstairs again. It didn't matter what spilled this time, so of course she didn't spill a thing. The landlord's hair sat curled and greasy

on the top of the dust and sugar.

In the apartment, her mother was sitting at the kitchen table, her hands lying on the table. It was odd to see her not doing anything for a change. Just sitting there with that look on her face.

After Minnie had dumped everything into the garbage pail and put the broom and dustpan away, she came over to the table. She climbed up onto a chair and sat like her mother, with her hands open on the table. Her mother's hands didn't look nearly so large now, and only a little red, and the wedding band gleamed softly. "Is it supper?" asked Minnie, although the table was bare.

"Your father..." her mother said suddenly. "You know he'll be gone for a long time..." There was a very sad look on her face. Minnie had never seen her mother look quite so sad. Just sitting at the table looking sad.

"Don't worry, Ma," she said. "We'll manage." She had heard Joe say that once, the day after the trial, and it was the right thing to say now, as it had been the right thing to say then.

Then Minnie was struck with fear: "We can wait, can't we, Ma?" Her mother said nothing and turned her head away slightly.

"That girl, don't pay any attention to her," her mother said with sudden anger. Minnie was shocked. That girl...

"She was nice, Ma," she said, hurt.

"Sure... very nice. I know them. They've come around before. They think they're a lot of Jesus Christs come to save us."

The anger had deepened in her mother's face. "Never mind her." The tone of the order was unmistakable. Minnie wouldn't have said anything anyway. There was a shut-in look on her mother's face.

Her mother was quiet a long time. Minnie sat very still. She was scared because now her mother might start drinking, like she did sometimes after getting mad.

"I'll go get Joe for supper," offered Minnie to break the silence, and just then, Joe, her brother, who was twelve, pretty smart, and smoked, came in. He slammed the door shut. His jacket was soaked, and his long dark hair was plastered against his pale face. He said in a loud, excited voice:

"You shouldha seen the fight down at the schoolyard. They hadda call the cops. There were knives. It was GREAT!"

Minnie always came straight home from school, because her mother ordered her to. She had never seen any of the fights or exciting things that went on after school was out.

"Hey, no school tomorrow, and there's a big riot tonight down on St-Hubert. Some men from a newspaper. Me and the guys are going." He looked aggressively at his mother, waiting for her to object so that he could insist.

"You be careful," was all she said. She stood up, and went over to the cupboard, and began to lay the table for supper.

Joe was gleeful. "Hey, Min—this is going to be some riot. Wanna come?" He was teasing. "Can she come, Ma?"

Minnie hated Joe when he teased her. He was OK, otherwise. He didn't mind letting her go places with him. All the older ones looked after the younger ones, most of the time, anyway.

"If you watch her, I guess so," said the mother. "I'm going out tonight, anyway."

Minnie couldn't believe what she had heard. She was scared but terribly excited. "Really, Ma?" she said. "Really?" She looked at Joe for a clue, but he looked puzzled, and a little taken aback.

"You take care of her," her mother said pointing a fierce finger at him.

"Sure, OK." A sudden light of respect was in Joe's eyes. He turned to Minnie. "You better be able to run fast, kid," he said, superb in his generosity and condescension.

Joe didn't mind! "I'm going on eight, and I can run faster than anybody—any other girl in my class!" shouted Minnie. She pictured herself running and running and running on St-Hubert Street with Joe and his friends. Maybe they would bring their little sisters too along with all the other people at the riot. What the radio called a demonstration, but that was too big a word, she couldn't remember how to say it. She looked at her mother who was stirring the stewpot.

She has red hands and she yells, sometimes, but she's OK, Minnie suddenly realized. But that was what Joe had always said. In the excitement, she had forgotten all about Laura Hollman, the four-point proposal and the Virgin Mary smile.







The McGill Daily is published five times a week by the Students' Society of McGill University, 3480 McTavish Street, Montreal 112. Editorial opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily the official opinions of the Students' Society.

The Daily is a sustaining subscriber of l'Agence Presse Libre du Québec, a subscriber to Liberation News Service, and a member of Canadian University Press. Editorial Offices: 392-8955. Advertising office: 392-8902.

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Sports Editor: Laurie Bréger  
Photography Editor: Jean-Michel Joffe

## notes

# Vietnam will win!

The Indochinese Revolution plays a very crucial role in the confrontation between the Imperialist forces and the forces of world revolution. The war in Vietnam is not over. On the contrary, military activity has intensified. And now, more than ever, socialists must be prepared to actively demonstrate their support for the National Liberation Front (NLF) and the revolutionary forces of Indochina.

Vietnam has been an example of the barbarity of the international capitalist class in defending its system of exploitation throughout the world, and has served as an inspiration to revolutionary socialists, both in the imperialist-dominated "Third World" countries and the advanced capitalist countries themselves. The courageous struggle of the Vietnamese people has paralysed the brutal war machine of world imperialism and forced the United States to reconsider its tactic of intervention on a military level. In short, it has altered the relation of forces between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat on a world scale. The long-term implications of an American victory or an American defeat should be obvious, even only in psychological terms.

For these reasons, the Indochina Solidarity Committee has taken the initiative in mobilizing support on campuses in Montreal by holding various educational conferences, meetings and films.

In addition, the importance of actions in support of the Indochinese Revolution is seen as a necessary part of mass education in Quebec where the nationalist movement has been traditionally almost anti-internationalist. The links between Vietnam and Quebec must be pointed out, and the common enemy identified.

Furthermore, the fragmentation of the Montreal Left has politically paralysed the progressive elements, isolating them in small groups that are inefficient due to size and the amount of impact they carry. One of the few issues around which the various revolutionary socialist organizations can mobilize is the question of Indochina. The answer is not unprincipled unity, but unity of action

on a basic political program, in this case support for the revolutionary forces of Indochina.

### Why a Demonstration?

Many people probably feel that this is just one more demonstration which will achieve nothing, but there are several reasons for holding an action at this time. First, the demonstration that is planned for this Saturday is only one part of a total campaign around the Indochina War. Conferences and open meetings have been held, films shown, and newspaper articles written. This activity will continue after the demonstration. Second, the importance of organizing demonstrations is illustrated by the implementation of the Vietnamization policy; the massive sentiment against the war and the risk of increasing social unrest has forced Nixon to "Bring the Boys Home" and replace American casualties with corpses of a different colour. Now instead of Americans dying in an imperialist war, Asians are being used as cannon fodder for the American bourgeoisie's war of aggression. Continued agitation is necessary in order to mobilize sentiment against the war and give it a political character.

### Why "Victory to the NLF?"

In addition, it must be made clear that people are not simply accepting the gradual phasing-out of American military involvement. We are not against the war in Indochina for purely humanitarian reasons. The fact that the sacrifice of American lives may be replaced by the sacrifice of Asian lives doesn't change the ultimate political implications of the war. In fact, even the complete cessation of American military aggression in Indochina is not sufficient. This explains, in part, the necessity for slogans that raise the issue of support for the Indochinese Revolution, and not simply the withdrawal of American troops. The simple pulling-out of troops is meaningless as long as Vietnamese are still being slaughtered and as long as American military equipment is still being used—all in the interests of American Imperialism.

In addition, the participation of Québec and Canadian industries in the American war effort must be exposed.

The dissemination of this information has already begun, with the publication of "How to Make a Killing" by Project Anti-War. An analysis of American involvement in Indochina, however, cannot rest entirely on an understanding of the profitability it entails for individual enterprises, whether Canadian or American. Instead, we must understand the long-run implications of US foreign policy in terms of a political-economic analysis of Indochina—the economic function it serves—as an absorber of the perennial surplus generated by monopoly capitalism (i.e. the war industry)—as well as its political significance—as an open confrontation between the forces of revolution and imperialism. Without this analysis, we are missing a certain dimension.

Already, as part of the so-called peace initiative, the American bourgeoisie has offered several billion dollars worth of economic assistance to Indochina as a whole, much of it to be used in north Vietnam. Superficially, this may first appear to be a noble gesture on the part of the U.S. government to make reparation for the almost unimaginable devastation of Vietnam—defoliation, bombings, destruction of entire villages, the lives lost, etc.

Instead, this offer of financial assistance is merely an attempt to recuperate the losses American Imperialism itself has suffered. Faced with large-scale anti-American sentiment on both sides of the 17th parallel, and finally recognizing its inability to win a military victory, the U.S. offers this financial aid in an effort to repair its tarnished image. More important, it is an attempt to bolster the chaotic Vietnamese economy and rescue it for future capitalist exploitation.

For these reasons, we urge all students who support the victory of the National Liberation Front and the Provisional Revolutionary Government to participate in the demonstration this Saturday, at 2 p.m. leaving from the CIL House on the corner of Dorchester and University. There will be a rally following the demonstration at McGill, in Leacock 132. Victory to the NLF!

Bruce Campbell  
Susan Wheeler

## letters

### Two "ardent anti-Semites oppose the Ahmad-Sher logic"

Sir,  
After having read the November 15th article entitled "Anti-Semitism and Zionism", I found it very difficult to believe such a total distortion of facts and a denial of the existing reality by two supposedly aspiring Intellectuals. In the opening statement, "One who does not uphold Zionist aspirations or does not support unconditionally the policies of

Israel is an Anti-Semite", is truly a revelation to me. Therefore, in accordance with this logic, Gentiles and Jews alike who do not advocate Zionist Principles are Anti-Semites. I am under the impression that it would be more appropriate to rename this "Ahmad-Sher logic".

You quoted Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem* and at this I was not surprised for it is perfect for the logic which you utilize in your article. In her book Miss Arendt stated that Eichmann was a Zionist. However the facts which were handed down by the District Court of Jerusalem are entirely to the contrary. The disparities which appear in Miss Arendt's book occur with such disturbing frequencies that it can

hardly be accepted as a major historical work. Another fault imminent (sic) in this book is Miss Arendt's own personal prejudices which are displayed by her frequent attacks on the State of Israel, its laws and institutions. However you felt that this was an appropriate piece of evidence to develop your argument.

The ignorance of the writers of this article in relation to the topic is somewhat amusing, and yet at the same time very sad. Quotation and facts which are used cannot be correlated to reality in almost every instance. If I may quote once again, "According to Erskine Childers, when president Roosevelt during the war was considering the feasibility of helping Jewish Refugees to settle in

America and elsewhere, his plan was opposed by Zionists and Anti-Zionists alike."

However, according to Arthur D. Morse, the author of "While Six Million Died", President Roosevelt was ambivalent. Since he was afraid that the Jewish issue was a political liability, he helped to doom European Jewry by inaction even as he proclaimed America as the Asylum for the Oppressed. Along with Breck Long, the Assistant Secretary of State, who established extremely tight controls on Immigration quotas during the war years, these two men sealed the fate of hundreds of thousands of European Jews. Such noted Zionists as Dr. Wise, Dr. Chaim Weizman (Britain) appealed to the Secret-

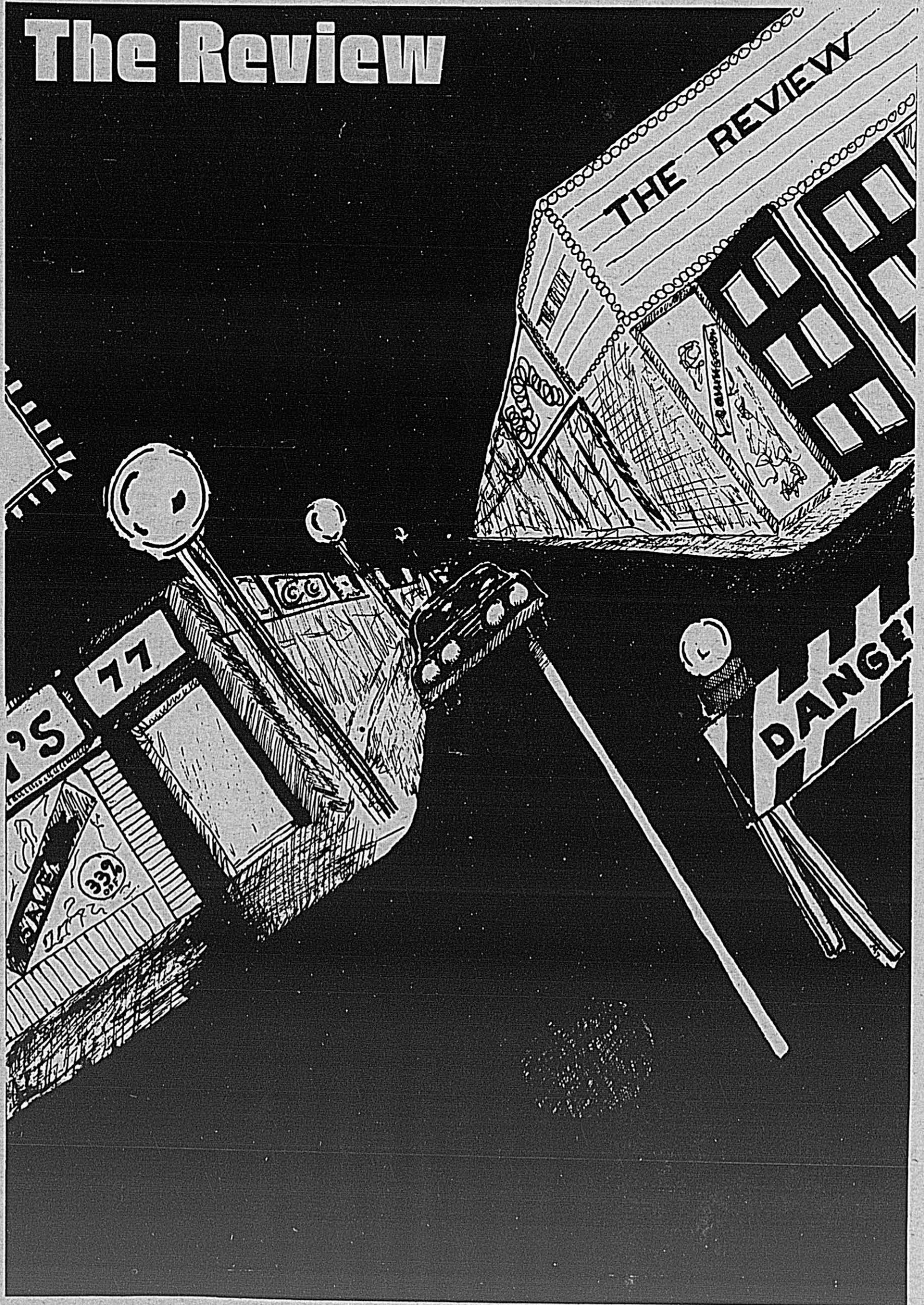
ary of State, but their pleas fell on deaf ears. Messrs. Ahmad and Sher chose to quote such writers as Childers and Sulzberger whose distortion of facts and reality are similar to their own.

But you did not stop here. Your article goes on to say that "when tensions subside, the Israelis stage border incidents to remind World Jewry of Israeli peril and their duty to raise funds for its defence." The article also revealed to me that Israel was an aggressor in the 1967 war, and that that country was the first in the Middle East which began a massive arms build-up on their borders. I dare say that there would be a number of noted individuals who would disagree

continued on page 7



# The Review





# today

## Chinese Students' Society:

Anyone interested in attending a Chinese opera Sunday the 19th or Monday the 20th contact Wei Chin at 392-8940 or 725-7912 for information and ticket discounts. Leave message if not at home.

## Amateur Radio:

Meeting for all interested people at 1 pm in Union 401.

## Redmen Intercollegiate Basketball:

Tonight at Loyola the "Home-Grown" meet the "American Pie" in what promises to be a "classic confrontation" of the young season. Gametime is at 8 pm, so take autobus 105 to the end of the line and catch up on some good basketball.

## Chinese Students' Society:

Those interested in seeing Chin-

ese acrobatic show, December 1, Contact MCEUS executives, or Johnson (845-1523 after 2 or 849-5020 after 9). Discount available if enough are interested. LAST DAY!

## Tickets on Sale:

At the Union Box Office for Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* presented by the English Department Drama Programme. Opens Wednesday, November 22 at 8 pm in Moyse Hall (of the Arts Building) until Saturday November 25.

## SCM Yellow Door

### Coffee House:

Tonight and tomorrow—Alexander Zelkine from 8-12 pm. Lunch every day (weekends too) from 12 to 2 pm. Sunday—Folk Mass at 11:30 am, hoot from 8 to 12 pm. All at 3625 Aylmer (392-4947).

## Christian Fellowship:

Daily Prayer meeting at 8:30 am in Union 307.

## Physical Society:

Martin Zuckermann will speak on "Physics, Latin American Style"

at 4 pm in Room 102 of the MacDonald Physics Building.

## Faculty of Music:

Sri Rahul—Indian Sitar: lecture—concert at 8:30 pm in Redpath Hall. Admission: \$1.00, 50c for students.

## Lebanese Canadian Society:

Lebanon and the problems of the Middle East. Guest Speaker—Mr. E. Ghorra, Ambassador of Lebanon to the United Nations. Free entrance, all welcome at 7 pm, 40 Jean Talon East.

## Free Telegrams:

Via Amateur Radio. Blanks available at the Union Box Office, Union 401 or phone 392-8942.

## MCEUS:

Table tennis tournament at 6:30 pm in Sir Arthur Currie Gym, all members are urged to participate.

## Caribbean Society:

Fête in the Coffee Lounge. Beer, rum-punch, and Roti will be on sale. Admission \$1.00 per soul. Music by the Environment Inc. Action starts at 9 pm.

## Film Society:

Presents a surprise: "Bananas", directed by and starring Woody Allen, at 7 and 9:30 pm in Leacock 132 for 50c.

## Women's Intercollegiate Basketball:

McGill vs UQTR at 8 pm in the Currie Gym. Spectators welcome (and urged to come and support the team!).

## Scorpion Rock Festival:

The Entertainment Committee presents a six hour festival featuring Dionysos, Expedition, Incubus, Wizard, and Heritage, plus the June Light Show. Goes from 8 pm to 3 am. Advance tickets are \$1.50 in the Union Box Office, at the door it's \$1.75 for McGill and \$2.00 for the public.

## Centre for Developing Area Studies:

Workshop number 5. "Is anybody really involved in anti-development?" Refreshments, all welcome. Second floor lounge of CDAS at 12:15 pm.

## Community McGill:

A Francophone student, 19, who is intelligent but extremely shy and emotionally immature needs a male buddy. Psychiatrist will be working closely with the volunteer on this challenging case. More information in Union 414, 392-8980, from 11 to 4 pm.

## McGill

### Premedical Society:

Presents Dr. Wilder Penfield on "Something Hidden—Go and Find It" in the Francis Seminar Room, 4th floor McIntyre Medical Building, (enter via Medical Library on the 3rd floor). 1 pm.

## McGill Hillel:

There will be a meeting for Combined Jewish Appeal at 3460 Stanley at 12:30 pm.

## Players Club:

Présente le manifeste des automotistes 'Le Refus Global' Paul-Emile Borduas) au Sandwich Theatre, 3ième étage de l'Union, 392-8924.

continued on page 6

## ESCAPE WINTER!

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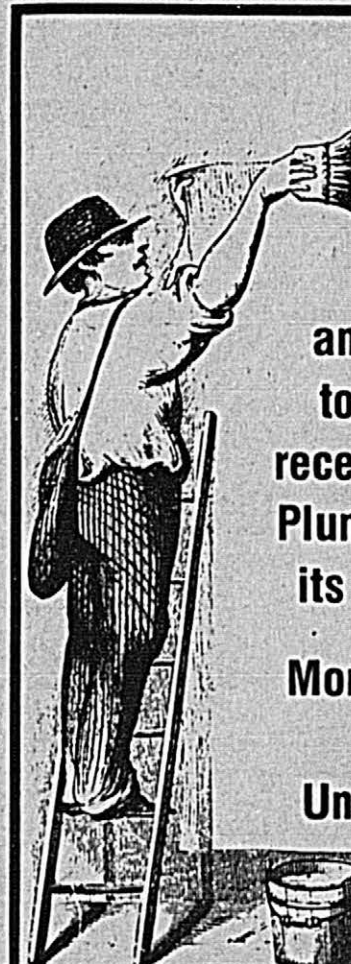
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## Students' Society

is holding  
an open forum  
to discuss the  
recent issue of the  
Plumber's Pot and  
its implications.

**Monday, Nov. 20  
at 1 P.M.  
Union Ballroom**



Fri. Nov. 17

**BANANAS**

written, directed, starring WOODY ALLEN  
Leacock 132 7:00 & 9:30 P.M. 50c

Sat. Nov. 18

**A NEW LEAF**

directed by ELAINE MAY with WALTER MATTHAU  
FDAA/PSCA 7:00 & 9:30 75c

McGill  
English Department  
Drama Programme  
presents

## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Moyse Hall, Arts Building  
on November 22, 23, 24 & 25—8:00 P.M.  
and November 25—2:00 P.M.

Tickets: Union Box Office (392-8926) or at the door. by SHAKESPEARE  
Wednesday, Thursday & matinee \$1.50  
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## Vallières ...

continued from page 1

tially a bourgeois party that would only strengthen economic ties with Washington, Vallières replied that "the majority of the members of the PQ are not bourgeois." He emphasized the "dynamism" within the PQ, which, he felt, would inevitably carry the party beyond the stage of simple constitutional independence from Ottawa.

Another member of the audience agreed that the *Parti Québécois* is a bourgeois nationalist party, mentioning that it condemned union actions during the *La Presse* and Common Front strikes. Vallières rejected the student's suggestion that if the PQ "is not interested" in the class struggle, a new party should be formed to bring the working class to power.

"Quebec must not be divided," Vallières insisted, seeing the formation of this second, opposition party as self-defeating.

One student returned to Vallières' point about the necessity of altering control over the economy. "The means of productions are in American hands," he said. "Therefore the primary concern should be how to deal with American imperialism, and not with English Canadian domination."

Vallières' response was that while not all Québécois now see the issue of independence as connected with that of imperialism, they will come to understand this when they make a move for independence. This type of concrete instruction through experience, he felt, would be more valuable than abstract propaganda. Vallières emphasized that the key sectors of the Quebec economy must be collectively controlled by the people. He qualified this by stating that "perfect socialism" is impossible in an imperialist-dominated world, and that parallel changes in the United States would be necessary to free Quebec entirely from American control.

Asked whether he really believed that the Québécois would accept socialism, Vallières replied that "I don't want them to accept socialism, I want them to build it." He continued that so long as the Quebec people take matters into their own hands and act according to their own decisions, it is irrelevant whether or not one calls this "socialism".

Commenting on the position of the anglophone in an independent Quebec, Vallières hoped that they would accept the choice of the majority of the people, but that it was really up to them to decide "whether to opt for Quebec, or against Quebec, or for something else."

He concluded that while the PQ may not be perfect, "the faults of the PQ are ours, they are our problems." Asked what "our" problems are, Vallières mentioned, among others, "a certain collective laziness," and "a tendency to panic."

"This is a sociological fact, not a value judgement," he declared, since these faults are a "product of colonialism."

# Regina students occupy Dean's

REGINA (CUP)—About 200 students today occupy the offices of the Dean of Arts and Science at the University of Saskatchewan Regina campus, protesting upcoming faculty cutbacks and action against staff-student parity on departmental committees.

The student action resulted from a general meeting held Thursday afternoon. The students have presented their demands and given the Dean, Sir Edgar Vaughn, a 24-hour ultimatum to rescind a ruling which disallowed a Division of Social Sciences motion that would have guaranteed staff-student parity in all divisional departments. The ultimatum stated that unless the Dean rescinds his ruling by noon Friday, the Student Union will organize a strike for Monday.

The Social Sciences Division Council consists of representatives from the member departments. Several departments have already granted staff-student parity, so there is a strong student presence on the divisional Council.

Dean Vaughn responded to the Division motion by circulating a memorandum notifying all concerned that he, in consultation

with Regina Campus Principal John Archer and Vice-Principal Tinker, was overruling the motion.

Yesterday the Faculty of Arts and Science Council, under prompting from Vaughn, ratified the Dean's decision. The Faculty consists of all faculty members and only token student representation.

The Social Sciences motion results from a controversy over staff-student parity which has existed for years. Students now have no guaranteed rights and may receive representation in a department only by consent of the faculty. Although some departments have already granted students parity representation, others such as History, Economics and Anthropology have bitterly opposed such moves.

The opposition to parity comes from individuals who opposed students getting real power to make changes in the university. Staff-student parity would effectively destroy the present power structure and give students the long-awaited opportunity to press for changes from a position of strength.

continued on page 7

## Pot ...

continued from page 1

a provocative position with the caption: "Ride with us, Fuck the Metro, Grab a bust". A Metro direction sign pointed to the woman's crotch.

The Editorial Board of the *Pot*, in a statement released yesterday, recognized that "specific portions" of their paper were in "poor taste".

The petition circulated by the committee states that attacks such as those in yesterday's *Pot* "against specific individuals, women, gays, Jews, Italians, political groups, and university workers, must be opposed so that they will never occur again."

The decision to form a committee to plan action came Wednesday night after two hours of heated debate on the implications of the contents of the *Pot*.

EUS President Jan Peeters urged students to deal with the issue "in a quiet and rational matter".

"The best way to deal with something like that," he said, "is to shut up."

The people at the meeting disagreed with him, but insisted, however, that the issue should not degenerate into a personal vendetta against *Pot* staffers, but should be used in an educational way to show sexism and racism as part of modern society. But

most students maintained that the *Pot* editors should be removed in order to set a precedent "that those type of things won't be accepted again."

Peeters pointed out that the *Pot* editors could be removed if enough engineering students petitioned for an EUS open meeting to carry through such an action.

"Something along these lines will probably be forthcoming," Peeters said.

Students' Council engineering representative Harn Yawngwe commenting on the latest *Pot* issue said: "As far as I'm concerned, this kind of thing is not representative at all of engineers. I'm definitely against this thing and I'm sure most engineers are."

"A large group of concerned engineers are going to have a statement out on this subject shortly," he said.

At an EUS meeting earlier in the day, a fourth year engineering student also had something to say about the *Pot*'s latest issue. He criticized it for its "sexist attitude, intimidating not only female engineers, but all females."

A motion introduced at the meeting by engineering Council reps Sidney Chan and Harn Yawngwe called for among other things, a condemnation and censure of the libellous articles in the *Pot*, and the resignation or barring from the *Pot* of those responsible.

The motion that was finally passed by the EUS Council, however, was considerably weaker.

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on

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Saturday, Nov. 18th 8 P.M.  
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# The Lobster Pot

Adam Gopnik

Elliot was a professor who always looked, when he was about to walk up a flight of stairs, as if he were going to take them three at a time, as a matter of principle. He was not a man, his manner implied, that could be daunted by staircases. He treated every inanimate object in the university as if it were a piece of misplaced gym equipment. He was not particularly strong or healthy, but he had an athletic attitude towards life.

He had a kind of gung-ho, Teddy Roosevelt approach to the Elizabethan dramatists that was very popular. He told stories about pushing play-stealers off the roofs of theaters with real nostalgic relish. It is extremely doubtful if he had ever really read anything at all since he had gotten his degree.

Everyone said that he was hard but fair. All his students said that he was hard but fair. All his colleagues said that he was hard but fair. Why, he said it himself, which may have been the source of the whole rumour. Almost everyone nodded their heads intelligently in Faculty clubs and coffee shops, and expounded it as an article of faith that Brian Elliot was the hardest but fairest professor in the world (as they called it.) But some people said that they mistook simple cruelty for resolution, and by contrast (because it is wildly and widely hypothesized that there is some good in all of us) mistook occasional decency for an open-mind.

"The athletic attitude, unlike the athletic aptitude, but strikingly similar to the poetic outlook—" began Berkman, a professor of theater. He was a timid rabbit sort of man who had drunk a bottle of vanilla extract at the age of six, out of curiosity, and had never completely recovered from the experience. He took refuge in long, convoluted sentences. He especially liked to begin a lecture or book with a complex sentence. "The only real way of speaking in literary criticism," he would begin, "is generally." "I think that's Elliot coming now," interrupted another professor. It was said that Elliot jogged from the Arts Hall to the Faculty Club each evening.

"Hi," said Elliot breathlessly when he came into the room, taking off his hat and coat and throwing them down on a chair as if they were shoulder pads that he had just outgrown. "There are lobsters all the hell over the sidewalk."

"What?" asked a nervous lecturer, who had always been afraid that some shellfish would "get him" if he closed his eyes on a beach.

"Nothing," said Elliot abruptly, and he gulped down a drink. He generally had one drink a day, as a kind of social medicine. "I said there were lobsters all the hell over the sidewalk, if you're interested."

"Yeah, and scallops too," said an English professor, trying to turn the thing into a joke.

Elliot gave him a dirty look. "There are lobsters all the hell over the sidewalk," he repeated calmly. "No clams, no scallops. Lobsters." He picked up his hat and coat and left.

There was a thoughtful silence. From anyone else, it could have been a sophisticated put-on, with over-

tones of entertaining neuroses, but not from Elliot. No one could understand it. One professor casually walked over to the window and looked outside. He turned away, embarrassed. There were no lobsters.

The lobsters had first come to Elliot in the middle of a class. He had been talking about the modernity of Jonson, and had challenged anyone in the class to name a non-technological phenomenon that had not been dealt with thoroughly in English literature before 1620. "Well, corn, cranberries and lobsters," said a sophomore. The class laughed, but Elliot turned pale, and dismissed them. Suddenly the word Lobster and its implications had become terribly important to him. He could not understand why. He tried to remember all his experiences with lobsters.

He remembered eating lobster with his wife when they were first courting. Large bits around their chins, melted butter... No, that couldn't be it.

way. When he had found out her last name, he had looked it up in the student directory, to see if she was married. He walked into the fish store, now, with the same feelings as when he had opened that directory.

He went by the cashiers, and came up against the live fish tanks, and as he saw the lobsters in their cramped aquarium, his feelings were identical to those he had had when he had found the girl listed as Mrs.

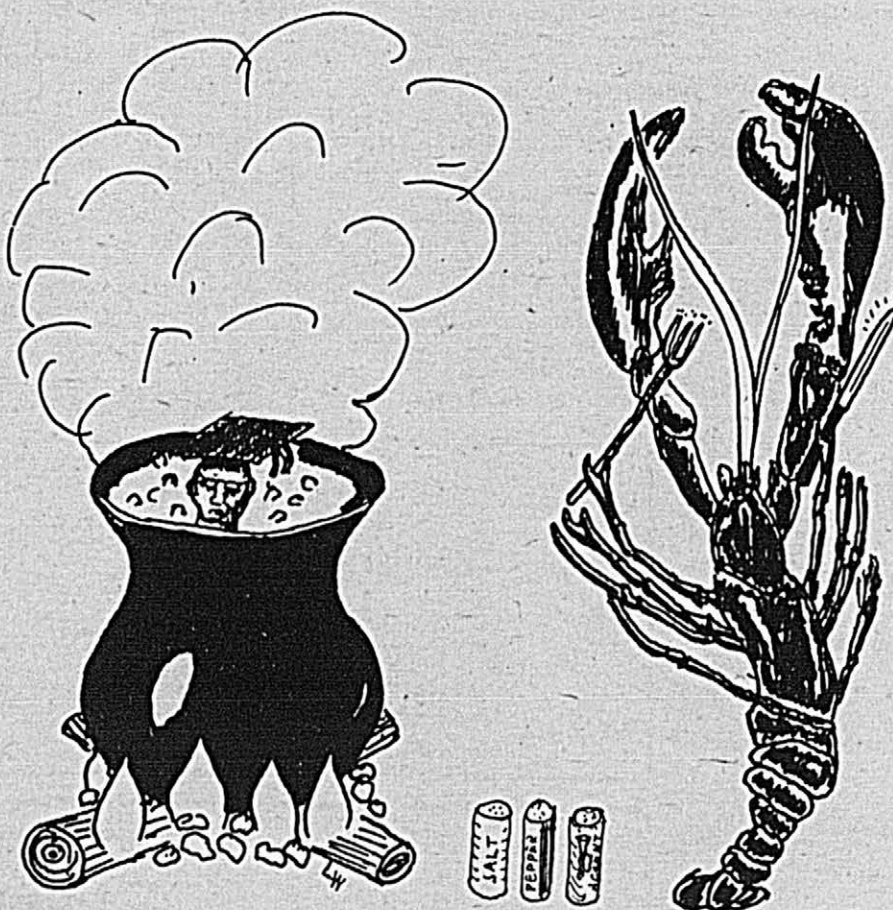
"What," Elliot asked his wife that night, "is the greatest paper tiger in the world?"

"Huh?" said his wife.

"What is it that looks most frightening, but is really very weak, vulnerable?"

His wife laughed. "You," she said smiling, saw his face, and then stopped.

"A Lobster," said Elliot coldly, with a hint of fright in his voice, and went to sleep.



When he was fourteen, he recalled, he had gone to a clambake and eaten too much, but he did not think that there were many lobsters there.

He sighed, and gave it up. Still, it bothered him.

Elliot was married in a casual sort of way. At the best of times, he never paid much attention to his wife, and since the lobsters had begun to bother him, he was scarcely aware of her existence at all. It was said that before they were married, he had once grabbed her hand to describe a football pattern on her palm and she had mistaken it for passion, and so they were wed.

Elliot had gotten into the habit of going shopping before they were married, and he did all the shopping now. He bought groceries in the manner of one provisioning an army; in a brisk, thorough, military way.

He did not have a car, and he made a great point out of not having a car. He spoke highly of both buses and fresh air, as if they were somehow related. He was a wonderful figure in a bus. He could stand perfectly upright, in a moving bus, without holding onto anything. It was the only physical achievement that he had and combined with his ever present athletic air, it was an impressive thing.

He deliberately put off going to the fish store that Saturday as long as he could. He was nervous. Once, and only once, he had been in love with a girl when he was an undergraduate, in a discreet and distant

He awoke in the middle of the night, and remembered. When he had been very small, his father had brought home two lobsters for a Sunday dinner. Elliot had pretended to be frightened, to please his father, when he playfully threatened him with them. It is very hard to play at being frightened when you actually are, but Elliot had managed it. His Father had left the lobsters in the sink overnight where, Elliot had supposed, they had terrorized the faucets and drains.

The next day they had had them for dinner.

Elliot shook himself, got out of bed, and wandered into the kitchen. He picked up a cookbook, and opened it, at random.

"Do not worry about their 'agonies'," he read, "for the Lobster is a cruel beast anyway, that eats weaker lobsters alive..."

Elliot thought for a moment, then put his hat and coat on over his pajamas, and left the house.

They found him on the suspension bridge, standing on the cable pole. The police thought to coax him out of it, but as they were about to begin he walked down, briskly and confidently, by himself.

"It wouldn't be equal," he said. "It wouldn't be the same. Unless we could bring all this," he gestured towards the river, "to a rolling boil." He climbed into the back of the police car. He had finally been really hard but fair, and even in his madness it pleased him.



# In review

## The Best and Worst of MACPHERSON

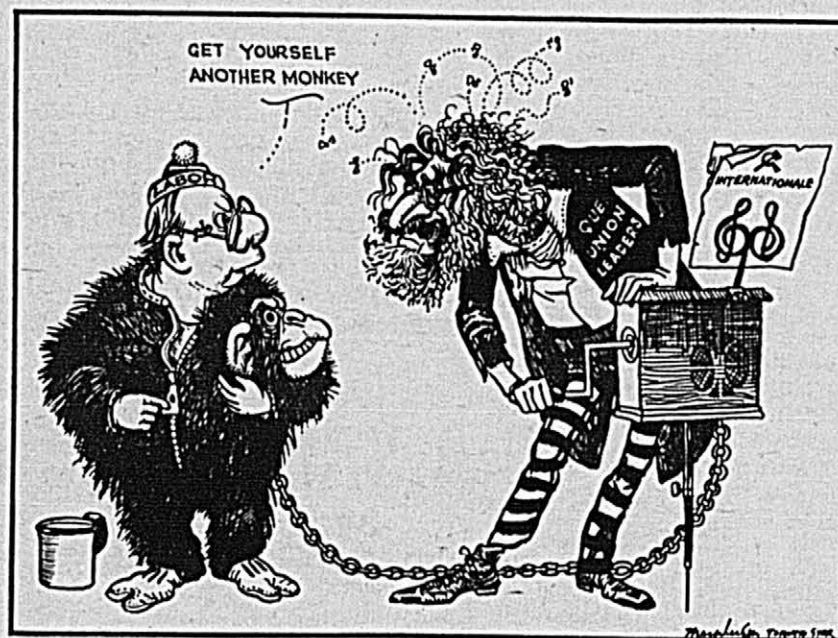
This year seems to be the year of the cartoon anthology in Canadian publishing. First the *Montreal Star* came out with *The World of McNally*, following the death of its ace cartoonist Ed McNally. Now the Toronto papers have gotten in on the act, with collections of the work of Barron and Macpherson.

Duncan Macpherson, a winner of "seven major awards" as the cartoonist of the *Toronto Star*, has all the fundamental contradictions inherent in an Anglo-Canadian liberal. It is perhaps significant that Macpherson works for a newspaper that is the most "liberal" in Canada under the benevolent dictatorship of Beland Honderich and which, as the radical Canadian newsmagazine *Last Post* puts it, takes an NDP stand, except at election time.

In *Macpherson Editorial Cartoons 1972* the cartoonist reaches the heights and the depths of his art, as well as the heights and depths of political analysis. His understanding of American and Anglo-Canadian politics is keen for someone who does not subscribe to Marxist analysis. He does a beautiful hatchet job on Nixon, Agnew and

Connolly, on Canadian big business, on Trudeau and Stanfield, on Joey Smallwood and Wacky Bennett. Nixon is portrayed as a 1930's style gangster-kidnapper, as half of Bonnie and Clyde (Agnew is Bonnie) demanding that Trudeau fill his own car (labelled 1965 Auto Pact) with gas, water and oil, as a mad bomber, as a leering mask of evil on an American "search and destroy model" car and as the more traditional liberal bogeyman, "Tricky Dick." But as the radical cartoonist Aislin pointed out once, "you can do anything you want to Nixon" in Canada—it's when you strike close to home that the shit hits the fan. Macpherson can satirize every Canadian public figure of any prominence. He can even stick a pin in the sacred cow of Canadian nationalism: an impoverished citizen asks "Wot's in it for me?" as the "Canadian economic elite," portrayed as a pig in full rich-man's regalia and a Canadian flag, extends a tin cup marked "Give: Fight U.S. Take-over." This is the type of analysis that any socialist could uphold with no reservations.

But Macpherson fails dismally to under-



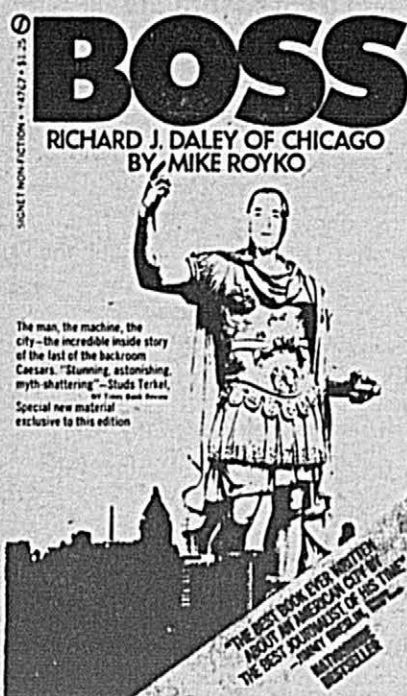
and a change of music

stand Quebec, particularly Quebec labour. In his cartoons on separatism and on the Common Front strike he caters to the racist and anti-labour prejudices of many Torontonians. A bearded, slavering, fanatical separatist wields an axe to smash federalism while Lévesque advises him to "play the game a little longer," as he extracts more money in exchange for slugs from the Canadian slot machine. A filthy, hairy grossly-exaggerated caricature of Michel Chartrand labelled "Quebec union leaders" grinds out the Internationale on a hand organ while a huge gorilla smashes down the pillars of Quebec. In a later cartoon, the CSD sabotage of the Common Front is lauded as "little guy" labour takes off his gorilla suit and tells the same filthy, hairy union leader to "get yourself another monkey." For some reason Castro is

another one of Macpherson's pet hates—like the "union leader" (and Moonbeam McSwine) he is surrounded by flies; he also talks with a funny accent and wears an "Order of Lenin" for "terrorizing Canada" (and an "Order of Stalin", according to a little Cuban peasant, for "terrorizing Cuba.") Even Chairman Mao and Brezhnev and Kosygin are treated better by Macpherson than Fidel.

Contradictions are inherent in a liberal position, but Macpherson's tend to go to opposite extremes, to say the least. The book is worth looking through for the Nixon cartoons alone, and there are plenty of other goodies. But one can only conclude, in the context of the whole collection: So good and yet so bad.

arnold bennett



Mike Royko, **Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago** Signet, \$1.25.

We are told that the party machine is a declining phenomenon. But the fact that it has existed so long in the various American cities or the fact that it still exists in Chicago, is enough to expose the true face of "free democracy".

And it is a testimony of the perversity of establishment social scientists like Robert Merton that they have attempted a defence of the beneficial consequences of urban parties.

Mike Royko, the author of *Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago*, finds nothing edifying in the personal power structure of the mayor of Chicago. The following account, for instance, provides an adequate glimpse of the operation of the foul structure:

"To assure party loyalty, the precinct captains merely accompany the voter into the voting machine. They aren't supposed to be sticking their heads in, but that's the only way they can be sure the person votes Democratic. They got away with it because the election judges, who are citizens hired to supervise each polling place, don't protest."

Royko's work is that of an excellent journalist. He provides considerable data and an analysis of the main sources of the machine's strength. According to Royko, there are four such sources.

The first is the patronage system. Controlling the city, Cook County, a considerable part of the state government and some federal jobs, the party has over 25,000 positions at its disposal, as well as nominations for elected positions. While many of these jobs are nominally under civil service, they are typically filled by "temporary" appointees, whose tenure must be renewed every six months. Almost all precinct captains and their assistants hold positions gained through a political "merit" system, in which merit is gauged by the Democratic percentage of the vote, rather than bureaucratic performance.

The second source of strength is the jobs provided in the private economy. Daley's regime has been most notable for its construction projects. The labour unions have

benefited immensely from these projects. Labour support has been further solidified by placing union leaders on government boards where they can watch out for both their interests and Daley's. A third basis of support is election fraud. "The machine never fails to run scared. For this reason, or maybe out of habit, it never misses a chance to steal a certain number of votes and trample all over the voting laws."

Royko makes it clear that the machine depends on sufferance and direct aid of urban capitalist interests. The massive construction projects have been largely for the benefit of business, including O'Hare Airport to ease long-distance travel, high-rise apartments to house the rich, and highways to speed the executive trip to the suburbs. Tax assessments have been lowered for downtown business, while city expenditures have been concentrated on such despoliations of the lakefront as the McCormick Place convention centre. Business has returned the favour with endorsements and heavy contributions to the machine.

Royko also illuminates a new technique of machine control—the use of the instruments of the welfare state for social control.

Small businessmen and established hospital administrators are kept in line under threat of enforcement of the city's detailed and "progressive" building code.

continued on page 7



## today

continued from page 2

### English Literature Association:

Thanks to all of the members who came to the Monday and Tuesday meetings. Another informational meeting will be held in the telephone booth near the Arts Cafeteria at 1 pm. More information in Arts B20.

### Saturday

#### Gay Dance:

From 9 pm to 2 am. Admission \$1 and beers are 3 for a dollar. Union.

#### Women's

#### Intercollegiate Basketball:

McGill vs Bishop's at 2 pm in the Currie Gym. Come and see two great rivals in their first meeting of the season!

#### Film Society:

Saturday Series presents a recent film, "A New Leaf" (US 1970), directed by Elaine May starring Walter Matthau. FDA Auditorium at 7 and 9:30 pm for 75c.

#### Debating Union:

R. D. Laing at 8 pm in Leacock 132. Please come Early.

#### MCEUS:

Table tennis tournament,—play-offs are at 10:30 in Sir Arthur Currie Gym.

#### Curling Club:

Play in mixed league and QUAA continues. Please be at TMR at 12:30 so we can get going at 1 pm.

#### Redmen

#### Intercollegiate Basketball:

Saturday night at 7 pm the cagers return to Currie Gym to take on the Ravens of Carleton University. Support is of the essence so come on around to help our cagers put the ball through the hoop.

#### Radio McGill:

"Streetnoise" on CFQR at 92.5 FM from 12 midnight to 3 am, featuring civil rights in Quebec, poetry for peace, songs of Wolf Biermann and Berthold Brecht, production cooperatives, impressions of America, as well as Peter Merkwold's mystical mechanizations.

## what's what

### FENCING CLUB

The intramural competition for the McGill Fencing Club has been postponed until after Christmas.

Practices will not be discontinued, but will be held at the regular times on a voluntary basis (until after Xmas.).

The general public and the members of the club are invited to attend the OWIAA competition on Saturday Nov. 25 at 10:00 A.M. in the Dance Studio in the Currie Gym.

### SAVOY SOCIETY

The Savoy Society is looking for men to fill out the chorus for *The Gondoliers*, by Gilbert and Sullivan. Tenors are especially

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## A.S.U.S. Elections- November 29

Nominations are hereby again called for the positions of:

1. Treasurer
2. E1-E2 rep. (registered in E1)
3. E2-U1 rep. (registered in E2)
4. U1-U2 rep. (registered in U1)
5. U2-U3 rep. (registered in U2)

Candidates must obtain 25 signatures from members of A.S.U.S. and all members signing nomination sheets are required to list their year and the degree they are pursuing beside their signature. Nomination sheets must contain only the following words, "We the undersigned members of the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society (A.S.U.S.) nominate \_\_\_\_\_ for the position of \_\_\_\_\_."

All nomination sheets must be submitted to the ASUS box in the Student Council office before November 20, 4 PM.

\*\*\*\*\*

Applications are hereby called for the position of Chief Returning Officer. Applicants should leave name, phone number and information on relevant experience in A.S.U.S. box in the Student Council Office.

needed. No previous experience is required. For further information, call Andrew at 481-9692 or Rosemary at 843-8964; or come to the next men's rehearsal, Tuesday night at 8:45; Union B26-27.



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## Students' Society elections

### NOVEMBER 29, 1972

Nominations are hereby called for the positions of the following Students' Council Representatives:

1. Representatives from the following schools and faculties must be students in their penultimate year, and must be in good academic standing with the University.

#### ARTS & SCIENCE

**3 representatives**

(At least one must be pursuing a B.A. degree, and at least one must be pursuing a B.Sc. degree.)

#### ENGINEERING

**2 representatives**

#### ARCHITECTURE

**1 representative**

#### COMMERCE

**1 representative**

#### EDUCATION

**1 representative**

#### MUSIC

**1 representative**

#### NURSING (B. Sc. N)

**1 representative**

#### PHYSICAL & OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

**1 representative**

2. Representatives from the following Schools and Faculties may be in any but their final year, having spent at least one full academic year at McGill University, and must be in good academic standing with the University.

#### DIVINITY

**1 representative**

#### DENTISTRY

**1 representative**

#### LAW

**1 representative**

#### MEDICINE

**1 representative**

\*All nominations must be signed by 25 students of the Faculty or School concerned, or by 25% of the students of the Faculty or School, whichever is less, and countersigned by the nominee with his address and phone number.

\*\*Nominations must contain only those words contained in the revised Electoral By-Laws, (as on page 104 of this year's Student Handbook).

\*\*\*All nominations must be submitted to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Students' Society, Myron Galloway, by

4:00 p.m., FRIDAY November 17, 1972.

Ed Milewski  
Chief Returning Officer



## DR. MADELEINE BAROT

WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES  
Geneva

will lecture on

The New Ecumenical Situation

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## classifieds

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Ruskoff, kofix base, steel edge, safety bindings  
185 cm skis. Total \$65.00. 488-9352.

Skis: heads (205 cm). Tyrolin step-in bindings.  
\$10.00. 937-6715; 672-5714.

### ENTERTAINMENT

The Caribbean Society presents a fête on Friday,  
November 17th in the Union Coffee Lounge. Beer  
3 for \$1, rum, punch and roti.

How to Succeed With Sex? ... TRY BANANAS.  
Friday November 17, 7:00 & 9:30 P.M. Leacock  
132, 50c. From those nice people at McGill Film  
Society, 392-8934. WOODY ALLEN MARCHES  
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Guess what Adam is giving Eve for Xmas: A NEW  
LEAF, with Walter Matthau. Saturday, 7:00 & 9:30,  
75c, F.D.A./P.S.C.A. MFS 392-8934.

### HOUSING

Room to let. Large front room with stove & fridge  
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Roommates wanted—large 8 1/2 apartment.  
Share cooking and painting. \$100 divided x ways.  
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Montreal, swimming pool, sauna. \$170. Phone  
844-4358 after 5:00 P.M.

Fourth person to share large house near Atwater  
metro. Own room. call evenings 933-3449.

Private room free—15 min. from McGill for a  
French-speaking male willing to give one hour  
french lesson a day. 845-3064.

### LOST

Black folder, hard plastic cover with notes, mainly  
social work. Very important! Please call Izhak Ben-  
Shahak 731-1695.

Timmy: A male black and silver cat. Love to have  
him back. 843-6815.

Old black wallet. Important credentials. If found,  
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Paquin. Phone 766-6736 or to Registrar's Office.

### PERSONAL

Problems? Feel you need to rap with a rabbi.  
Call Israel Hausman 341-3580.

GEORGE: Did you lose the number? It's 365-0145.  
Please call. It's important. After 9 PM if no answer  
before Dave Thomas.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Conservative, Eastern Townships weekend ski  
group requires members (cross country, downhill,  
snowshoeing, congenial company, good food,  
interesting conversation). 467-5501 evening.

Ski group Townships cross country and downhill  
invites members. Singles over thirty-five, lively,  
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ings.

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copy work. Same day service. 733-3272.

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A—Electricity and Magnetism. Call 733-1318.

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for medical research experiment. Requirements:  
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ings. Call 842-1251 loc 1828.

Persons to share remote farmhouse for winter.  
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Drew at 843-5258.

Political Science major to tutor 1st year student.  
Call 481-4678.

### JOBS

Campus interviews: School of Management,  
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Graduate degree  
programs in: private management, public manage-  
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# Who is mad? Who is sane?

By Stephen Aronson  
and Bruce Campbell

R.D. Laing, major theoretician and one of the founders of the "anti-psychiatry" movement has followed an errant path in developing his critique of modern psychiatric conceptions of "madness" and sanity, and, by implication, of modern society itself. From his earliest insights into the phenomenon of insanity, he has moved toward a mystical and abstract conception of the experience of psychotic patients as, in the words of one reviewer, "mystics or prophets of (the) supersensory world." At the same time, he has been developing a radical critique of society that terms the accepted "normal condition", i.e. alienation, as "insane" and so-called "insanity" as a truly sane way of reacting to alienation.

*The Divided Self*, his earliest work, concentrates on a comprehension of madness. He admits early in the book to an inability to accept the conventional "medical" signs of psychosis in individuals. Laing proposes that the individual, in order to function in the present society, must invent a "false-self system," that is, a set of fronts that must be presented in interpersonal relations in order for him to fit into his assigned social slots and not be regarded as different.

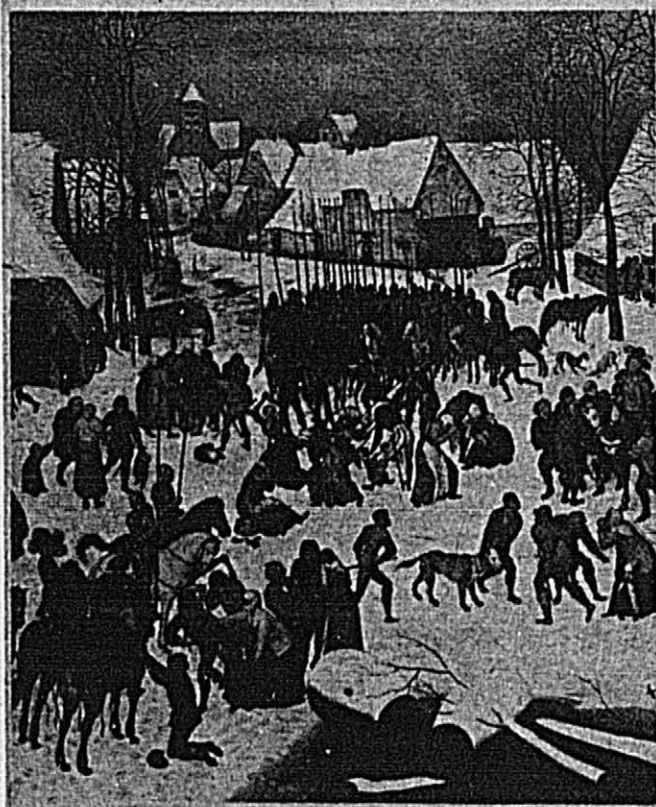
Laing's critique of psychiatry begins with a disagreement over the nature of "schizophrenia." "Schizophrenia," Laing argues, "is a label affixed by some people to others in a situation where an interpersonal disjunction of a particular kind is occurring." Laing sees the psychiatrist as a part of the interpersonal disjunction. He also objects to placing the cause of the "disorder" inside the schizophrenic. On these and several other points, Laing fundamentally disputes the main tenets of psychiatry.

Psychiatry as a discipline has a long and contradictory history. In every society and culture, there have been methods of dealing with individuals whose behaviour is regarded as different or deviant. In Biblical times, many were regarded as seers or prophets; during the Middle Ages, "madmen" came to be regarded as social scapegoats and were incarcerated on the proverbial "ships of fools." More recently, the "medical model" has become the accepted standard for dealing with aberrant behaviour. This model states that "madness" is the result of a disease process, with observable signs and symptoms. This philosophical shift has provided the rationale for modern medical intervention into psychosis: electric shock treatment, chemotherapy using tranquilizers, and, with diminishing occurrence, psycho-surgery involving the actual removal of brain tissue to make a psychotic more "manageable."

Psychoanalysis, developed by

## THE POLITICS OF THE FAMILY

R. D. LAING / MASSEY LECTURES 1968



Freud et al., has not been adopted for the most part to the understanding of psychosis, as the psychotic often presents language and behaviour that is at least superficially unintelligible. Some therapists have, however, made progress in understanding the schizophrenic experience from a psychoanalytic perspective, and Laing has drawn on these insights and others in the creation of his phenomenology.

Laing considers conventional forms of "treatment" of psychosis to be oppressive, and ultimately futile. Laing and other radical theorists feel that whatever constructive results have been obtained through conventional therapies are absolutely coincidental, and occur in spite of, rather than in response to, psychiatric intervention. Furthermore, proponents of this view believe that "normal" therapies do nothing more than to shove individuals back into the situations which precipitated their original "problems".

This dissenting view holds that "schizophrenia" is not something that one "has" or a process that one undergoes, but rather is a social and political event. The problem with the conventional schools of thought (medical model, behavioural therapy, psychoanalysis) is that interpersonal experience is never taken into account. As Laing states in his *Politics of Experience*:

"The metapsychology of Freud... has no constructs for

any social system generated by more than one person at a time. ... it has no concepts of social collectivities of experience shared or unshared between persons ... it is the relation between persons that is central in theory and in practice ..."

Laing looks to the family and to the influences of society for the causes of the problems that have been labelled "mental illness." The intricacies of interpersonal relations and perceptions cause spirals of splitting, denial, repression, projection, and introjection—all forms of mystification and misinterpretation of interpersonal experience. (Laing has devoted a small book of "poetic calculus" to delineating the knots of interpersonal relations.) The invalidation of the schizophrenic occurs most often and most violently in the confines of his family. Many conventional psychiatrists also discuss the family setting when commenting on psychopathology, but from a radically different perspective from Laing. Theodore Lidz of Yale University, presents the picture of the Norman Rockwell-type American family; Laing describes the picture thus: "Gone is any sense of possible tragedy, of passion. Gone is any language of joy, delight, passion, sex, violence. The language is that of a boardroom." Here is Lidz's description:

"The mother can properly invest her energies in the care of the young child when economic support, status, and protection of the family are provided by the father. She can also better limit her cathexis of the child to maternal feelings when her wifely needs (sic) are satisfied by her husband."

Laing further comments:

"The economic metaphor is aptly employed, the mother 'invests' in her child ... There is frequent reference here to security, the esteem of others. What one is supposed to want, to live for, is gaining pleasure from the esteem and affection of others. If not, one is a psychopath. "Such statements are in a sense true. They describe the frightened, cowed, abject creatures that we are admonished to be, if we are to be normal—offering each other mutual protection—from our own violence—The family as 'protection racket!'"

Crucial to Laing's conceptualization of the invalidation process that precipitates schizophrenic experiences is a consideration of the methods of socialization, in which the family is the first instrument.

One need only examine our school system in order to experience the incredible reality of what "we" do to little children to make "them" like "us". "L'enfant abdique son ecstase."—The debilitation caused by the oppression of the structured educational process is clearly indispensable

to the splitting of our experience of reality into artificial bits, dichotomizing it, and creating the schizoid experience that characterizes normalcy.

The lines and barricades of normal social lobotomy begin in the family and the more formal socializing agency, "education"; chemical and surgical lobotomy await those who desert and creep back from the trenches, those who see through our "collective social madness".

The schizophrenic experience, according to Laing, must be viewed as a natural healing process in which the individual is allowed to undergo a profound "metanoia" (literally—"change of mind") without the intervention of conventional psychiatry.

There is no way to explicitly characterize Laing's preferential brand of therapy. The clearest example of his ideal was Kingsley Hall, the prototype therapeutic community that existed in London from 1965 to 1970. Diagnosed schizophrenics, certified psychiatrists, and others lived together without any of the assumptions of the conventional psychiatric institution. They were able to inter-relate freely; distinctions between "therapist" and "patient" became as hazy as the distinction between "mad" and "sane".

Kingsley Hall no longer exists; the problems arising from the absolutely non-schizoid practice of therapy were considerable, and the individuals instrumental in setting up Kingsley Hall developed other priorities. The influence of Kingsley Hall, however, has been tremendous: therapeutic households have sprung up in diverse locations on different continents, and now an informal network of people interested in a radical therapy, an "anti-psychiatry", is vibrant and growing, presenting a healthy alternative to the oppression of institutionalized psychiatry.

Laing has recently returned from his own "journey to the east", where he pursued his interest and involvement with the thought and religions of Eastern cultures.

The major theoretical underpinnings of his earlier thought were the modern existentialist writers—Heidegger, Kierkegaard, and especially J.P. Sartre; he has also drawn from the phenomenology of Jaspers and Binswanger. His concern during his earlier stages was more along the material plane of family interaction and the social influences of education and capitalist economy; it has only been in recent years that his emphasis has shifted to the more mystic, the transcendent potentiality in psychosis, and his personal perspective to one of Zen-like detachment.

"If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you I would let you know."



# The Ruling Class

The Earl of Gurney commits suicide, leaving his estate to his son Jack (who, for the past 8 years has been a paranoid schizophrenic, believing himself to be God). Jack's Uncle Charles marries him off to his own mistress, planning to produce an heir and then to commit Jack to an institution and have himself declared guardian of the estate. The scheme, of course, backfires, providing us with the material for *The Ruling Class*. Jack recovers his sanity, assuming his place as a member of the English landed aristocracy and renounces his identity as Jesus Christ.

So far, it sounds like the average situation comedy about the English aristocracy. Even on this superficial level, it is one of the better situation comedies about the English aristocracy.

The exceptional quality of this film rests with the surprises, both dramatic and

technical, that force you to exchange looks of astonishment and disbelief with the person at your side.

The dialogue is incredible, filled with the kind of lines that insecure adolescents like to hang on their bedroom walls. I found myself wanting to slow down the film to more fully savour the well-constructed effects, both visual and verbal.

The clothes worn by the cast, the English countryside, the big, old mansion of the Gurney Estate—all are shown in the resplendent luxury that screams money and good taste, and make the film visually pleasing.

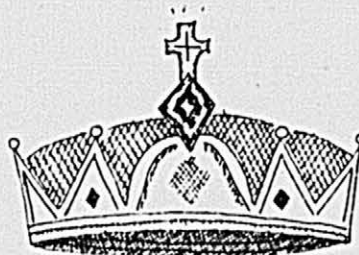
The outstanding quality of *Ruling Class*, however, is the high level of satire it contains. The English are xenophobic, the Church is unholy, English Public Schools are zoos, the medical profession is irresponsible. The humour is so subtle and the

lines are so fast that much of it may escape the audience, but it leaves one with the impression that there is more to this film than jokes like:

Nephew to visitors: "For Christ's sake, go!"

Jack: "Please don't go for my sake."

The underlying current of class struggle



is personified by Tucker, the Butler. Left with 30,000 pounds by the old Earl of Gurney after 30 years of service, Tucker hangs around to insult the family. He is a member of the British Communist Party, but, by his own admission, is "All talk, no action."

One of the major questions posed by *Ruling Class* is the whole concept of sanity/insanity. As Jesus Christ, Jack Gur-

ney talked of love and peace and wore a white suit and red carnation. As Lord of Gurney, he is repulsed by sexuality, favors corporal punishment and repression, and commits murder. Yet the Lord of Gurney is "sane". As Tucker says, "What would be called insanity in a tradesmen is mild eccentricity in a Lord."

Another interesting feature is the characterization of women. Two "classic" types are presented. Lady Claire, Jack's Aunt, is the attractive middle-aged woman, starved for affection. She is cynical and mistrustful of men, but lonely enough to keep giving them one more chance. Grace, Jack's wife, is the guttersnipe-turned-Lady, scrambling for money and power. She shuffles through the film, her husband's well-dressed slave, defending him and even coming to love him. Although she marries Jack while he is still Jesus Christ for material advantages, she eventually convinces herself that she loves him. She gets hers while singing "You are my world, you are my life, you are my dreams come true..."

I found *The Ruling Class* extremely enjoyable, very funny and very tragic, with enough intellectual meat to it to make it interesting even to the bored and cynical academics among us.

susan wheeler

# Bo's back at the Esquire

If you've got rocking pneumonia then go on down to the Esquire Show Bar this week, and I guarantee you will be cured. Bo Diddely is back in town after an absence of four years. Diddely started off in the mid-1950's as one of the original rockers with the song *Bo Diddely* from which he got his name. He put another song, *I'm a Man* on the flip side of that single and it has become a classic in its own field. *I'm a Man* has been interpreted by a number of different people: but it was the Yardbirds who made it into another hit during the British "invasion" of the mid-sixties. A list of Diddely's other big songs includes *Mona* and the follow up to his original hit, *Diddely Daddy*, to name a few.

This week Diddely is playing them all as though he just recorded his first hit. He is being backed up by a local band called Willie Ray and the Eclipse. Although they have never played with Diddely before this week they do an amazing job of laying down a tight and funky sound for the man. Willie Ray is something else too. He comes on stage after the Eclipse has done an intro that includes Buddy Miles' *Them Changes* and a very tight version of Ike Hayes' *(Theme From) Shaft*. Ray is a big man with a big voice and a stage presence that should make James Brown and Mick Jagger take note.

The night I was at the Esquire, Ray and the Eclipse worked the audience up to such a pitch before Diddely came on that I thought they might steal the show away from him—but nothing doing. Bo came on stage with a fine singing lady, Cookie Vee and went into a dynamite version of *Bo Diddely*. He and Cookie then went into a light hearted jive that went into *I'm a Man* which has been updated to say *Shall a Woman?* For nearly an hour and a half this high pitch was kept up.

It was the longest set I have ever seen at the Esquire but it was well worth it. In fact, I would have to say that this rates among the best revues (and that's what it is) to have hit Montreal in a long time. The night I was there, there were two sets, but this weekend there will be three sets a night.

So if you want to see your rock's roots go and dig Bo, Cookie, and the Eclipse at the Esquire until Sunday.

campbell hendrey

photo by john grobstein





**Boss...**

continued from page 5

Welfare checks are delivered by precinct captains. The extensive public housing projects provide overwhelming majorities for the organisation — tenants are warned that their continued residence is dependent on their loyalty. Rather than being a welfare state, the Daley regime robs from the poor and gives to the rich. While the real estate tax on the houses of the working class increases, few benefits accrue to them. Established ethnic neighbourhoods are

destroyed for such projects as the University of Illinois, and only fractions of construction funds go to slum clearance and community conservation. The incidence of both tuberculosis and infant mortality is among the highest in the country, but the expenditures on welfare and social services are among the lowest.

Royko states at several points that both the Blacks and the white Ethnic have suffered under the Daley regime. Their houses have been destroyed to provide space for construction, and their economic position has deteriorated. The basic conflicts in Chicago, Royko rightly concludes, can be analyzed in class rather than ethnic terms.

nesar ahmad



The Review  
would like at this time  
to solicit submissions for a  
**CHRISTMAS CONTEST!**  
Any article, poem, story or photo  
pertaining in any way to Christmas  
is eligible. Surprise prizes.  
Ho, ho, ho...

# The Review

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Editorial Staff

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Nigel Gibson  
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Vivien Perelman  
Lenny Wexler  
Lenny Wexler

The Review is the weekly political and cultural supplement of the McGill Daily. Submissions of graphics, poetry and prose are welcome. Editorial office: Union B41. Tel. 392-8955.

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# Sports

by barbara yaffe

## McGill loses in riot

Wednesday night's riot at the Winter Stadium was so exciting that even the Montreal Municipal police decided to attend. Playing hockey was only incidental to a game in which Sir George's Georgians far outclassed the Redmen 7-3.

A crowd of about 250 witnessed this, the second match of the regular season, and perhaps the most belligerent encounter fans will view for some time to come. Players fought with gloves, sticks, knuckles, and of course, just good old plain saliva. The game was not 5 minutes old when Frank Belvedere tangled with Georgian player Maurice Desfosses. Numerous other scuffles sporadically interrupted the game, as both teams opted for a rough, hitting style of play. Few however, could have anticipated the violent outburst which capped the confrontation.

At the 13:21 mark of the third period, immediately following a Redmen goal, the two teams engaged in yet another battle whereby a couple of players found themselves not on the ice, but in the stands. Sir George defenseman Bill Hatter had brought his brother along for fan support, who was soon partaking in a scuffle in the stands. Hatter hopped over the boards and proceeded to effectively pound his brother's adversary into oblivion. (If Hatter does not succeed in entering the pro ranks of hockey, it would be advisable for him to consider boxing.) Unfortunately his victim happened to be Redmen defenseman Bob O'Reilly's younger brother. This, coupled with the fact that a spectator chose to spit directly at O'Reilly's face spurred the defenseman into action. He bounded over the boards and savagely began slashing a fan with his stick in 'Wayne Cashman form.' A true display of brotherly love! The results: possible league suspension for O'Reilly, a visit by the Montreal police, and four misconducts.

Other misconducts were handed out as well when 7 minutes into the second period, a battle of lesser gravity took place in front of the McGill net. The players paired off, fell to the ice entwined in one another's arms, and proceeded to doff their uniforms down to their underwear. (Hope those little brothers were over eighteen.) Wanting a piece of the action, it was not long before players on both teams cleared their respective benches. A total of eight misconducts were handed out by the refs. The situa-

tion proved difficult for Coach Dies, who was overheard to mumble while scratching his head, "Now let's see... who's left?"

As far as 'hockey' went, the game proved to be a fast one with good scoring opportunities at both ends. The Redmen were outgunned 43-33 by the Georgians who dominated play for the major part of the contest. McGill looked weak defensively as they continually played the puck and not the man. The Georgians, winners of the Hockey Canada title, appeared to be in mid-season form, showing excellent discipline and good conditioning. They opened up the scoring at the eight minute mark with a passing play by Desfosses to Rory McKay leaving the Redmen goalie with little chance. Less than two minutes later McGill tied the score 1-1 on the power play as O'Reilly passed the puck back to Webster at the rim of the circle and Goalie Bernie Wolfe was caught napping.

It was only in the next seven minutes of the game that McGill dominated play as they let down once again when Sir George went ahead 2-1 while shorthanded, on a two-on-one break executed by Mario Cuttini and Rory McKay, the latter getting the goal. Rick Moore shot in a rebound from Desfosses on a power-play effort to make the score 3-1 in the first minute of play in the second period. Moore rallied again unassisted for the Georgians just five minutes later. At 18:28 of the period Don Atkinson upped the score 5-1 in a goal-mouth scramble, assists going to Rick Pantini and John Logan. Logan picked up another assist in the third period when he fed the puck to Pantini who slipped it under Paquin. The Redmen made a lone stab at regaining respectability at the 14:21 mark when forward Bert Houde scored, assisted by Ned Dowd and Toby O'Brien. The Georgians retaliated less than three minutes later on a quick hard drive by Mark Sewchuck from the right of the net, thereby finalizing the score at 7-2.

The Sir George line of Logan-Moore-Sewchuck played particularly well throughout. Rory McKay handed in an outstanding performance getting the two Sir George goals in the first period. Rick Moore also tallied twice. Bernie Wolfe in goal played a fine game frustrating McGill left-winger Ned Dowd on four occasions. Dowd is a fine player who is expected to ripen as the season progresses. Redman Niel Fernandes skated well, carrying the

puck into the Georgian zone numerous times. Despite the fact that "Irate" O'Reilly was on the ice for the majority of Georgian goals, he played a good game defensively and made several prime offensive rushes. The only thing that functioned properly Wednesday night for the Redmen was... well... the time clock.

The loss leaves the Redmen with one win and one loss so far this season. Tonight our hockey hooligans host Loyola's Warriors who rated behind the Georgians in the '71-'72 Q.U.A.A. Championship. See you at ringside at 8 p.m. and please leave your brothers at home.

### DAMON RUNYON, WHERE ARE YOU?

The sports department needs enthusiastic people for production work. Also anyone interested in covering intramural sports. See Gordon at the Daily office.

by john m. robertson

## Redmen face acid test

Down the road a ways, at the end of the 105 Autobus line stands the "Castle that Daigneault built". In many circles, in particular the folks that are not from around these parts, this structure has come to be known as the Loyola College Gymnasium. It is here that the first classic confrontation of the young basketball season will take place between the two undefeated teams of the QUAA.

Tonight at 8:00 pm the Redmen cagers take on their second opponent on the road. This contest promises to decide a temporary leader in the race for the title of "Top Dog in Quebec Basketball".

by goody-two-shoes

## Prah to lead cagers

Joe "Pennsylvania" Prah, one of McGill's few import players merits some words of recognition regarding his all-around fine play and generalship on the Basketball court.

The Laval game last Friday produced the sort of two-way basketball performance by Prah that the fans may look forward to in the upcoming season. Although not a high-powered scorer in the vein of "Pistol Pete" Maravich, Joe Prah is the epitome of a student from the seemingly outdated school of defense. In addition,

From the fan's point of view, there are several things that should be brought to light. First and foremost, the Loyola squad didn't get its nickname of "American Pie" without just cause. This team is heavily laden with imported talent, while our own squad is virtually entirely "home-grown". Also a note of interest: this particular Loyola team has been touted by many to be the "best basketball team in Canada."

In conclusion folks, Go West. It's there tonight that you can watch what should be the beginning of the end of the myth of US domination.

Prah is vying for the honor of "Good Samaritan of the Year" as he doles out numerous assists.

Joe showed his versatility at Laval as he poured in 10 points, two of which were the first of the season, executed six steals, pulled off 10 rebounds, (in spite of his 5'10" height) and gave out untold assists.

The captain of the team in every sense of the word, Joe Prah can be looked to, to guide the ship to harbour while torpedoing the opposition.



REDMEN ICERS BATTLED the Georgians last Wednesday in a hotly contested match that saw the third period degenerate into a "near riot" situation.